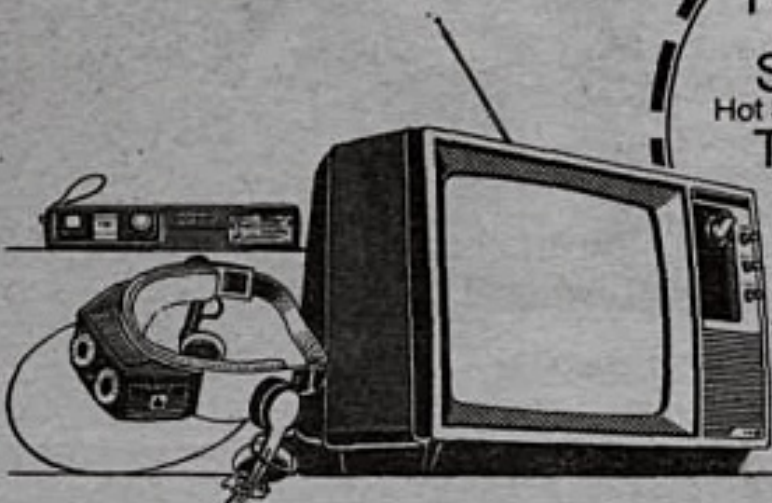


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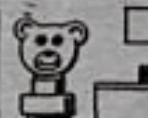
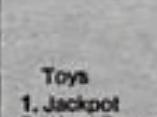

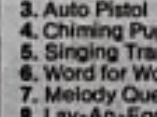


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- Story of Badrinath and Kedarnath, the lofty Himalaya shrines, in our new series, "Temples of India"—through pictures.
- The Escape: The serial, "Saga of Sri Jagannath", enters an exciting stage.
- Next—A Blanket: A humorous story—through pictures again—in our series "Laughs from Many Lands"
- The Magic of Truth: A Jataka tale in "Legends and Parables of India".
- A bunch of charming stories, The Nature's Kingdom, Towards Better English, Newsflash, Let Us Know and more!

### Thoughts to be Treasured

Chastity is one of the greatest disciplines without which the mind cannot attain requisite firmness.

—Gandhiji

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# CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

## INTO THE SIXTEENTH YEAR

With this issue CHANDAMAMA completes the 15th year of publication.

The past years have been quite eventful for the whole world. Battles have been fought, new satellites have shot into space and technology has given us many more clues to comfort.

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*Āmarañāntāḥ praṇayāḥ kopāstatkṣaṇabhāṅgurāḥ*

*Parityāgāśca niḥsaṅgābhavnti hi mahātmanām*

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*The Hitopadeshah*





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# NEWSFLASH



## The Top Detective

A wealthy woman's house was burgled at night in her absence. The thieves left no clue at all. However, the woman heard her pet parrot reciting two new sentences: "Come here, Ronnie! Come here Robert!" Ronnie and Robert were two notorious bandits in the police records. They were calling each other freely since there was nobody in the house. The police have arrested the two and have recovered the stolen wealth.

## Going Going Gone!

A small company in New Hampshire has invented a new metal. Yes, it is metal in every sense but one: put it in water; it will totally dissolve and disappear in twelve minutes.



## The Submerged City

The *Mahabharata* says that Dwaraka, the city founded by Sri Krishna, was submerged soon after Sri Krishna left his body. Recent archaeological excavation led by Dr. S.R. Rao has established that indeed the old Dwaraka, belonging to 1500 B.C., was submerged.



## Do You Know?



On the average the world experiences 50,000 earthquakes every year.

The first letter of the name of every continent is the same as the last:

AmericA, AntarctiCA, EuropE, AsiA, AustraliaA, AfricA.



Bethoven was totally deaf when he composed his famous Ninth Symphony.

The pillows of ancient Egyptians were made of stone.



If a person could move as fast as light, he would shrink to a tiny size.



The bee has five eyes — two in its 'face' and three smaller ones on its head.



# The Saga Of SRI JAGANNATH

—By Manoj Das

*(King Indradyumna, guided by a certain inspiration, built a huge temple on the sea-shore at Puri. All the while he wondered who will be the deity to be installed in the temple. Then he was directed in his dream to find out where some physical symbol of the Lord remained hidden. He sent four seekers in four directions to locate the same. One of them, the young Vidyapati, reached the interior of a forest and came upon some dancing tribal damsels.)*

Vidyapati, tired and frightened, sat in a dazed condition. Two of the girls fanned him with banana leaves. Another fetched cool water from a spring and offered him to drink it. Two of them supported him with their arms.

They did all this in obedience to the instructions from one who

outshone the rest. She was tall, articulate in her manners, and beautiful. Her friends called her Lalita.

“O stranger,” said Lalita, kneeling down before Vidyapati, “we do not know who you are and what is your destination. Probably you strayed into the forest. Whatever be the







case, we cannot desert you in the condition that you are. My father, Visvavasu, Chieftain of this forest, will be happy to receive you as his guest." There was magic in Lalita's invitation, though she did not say a word more than necessary. In the silence that followed Vidyapati stood up gratefully, ready to follow Lalita.

Lalita led the party, her pet tiger prancing about merrily and occasionally nosing the stranger. Lalita whispered a message to one of her companions. She speeded up her steps and then ran and soon disappeared amidst the cluster of trees.

Vidyapati guessed that Lalita only sent an intimation to her father about the stranger she was taking home.

Soon he saw Visvavasu emerging on a rock. He looked majestic, but he greeted Vidyapati with folded hands, "You are welcome, whoever you are," he said when Vidyapati returned his greetings.

"I'm duty-bound to inform my noble host that I am an emissary of King Indradyumna. I hope, my host will appreciate that I am also duty-bound to my king to keep my mission a scout," said Vidyapati. Visvavasu was delighted to find out that the young Brahmin was a great scholar. The chieftain had rarely any opportunity to meet and benefit from a scholar. He requested Vidyapati to put up with him for a few days and to enlighten him in matters of religion and philosophy.

Vidyapati agreed to comply with the request. Surely, he had a strong feeling that he ought to continue there.

Had this feeling something to do with the great attention Lalita, Visvavasu's only child, bestowed on him? Not quite at



the beginning. While Vidyapati will go on reciting scriptures from his memory and explaining them, both Visvavasu and Lalita would listen to him with rapt attention. Vidyapati knew that Lalita admired him, but he was in no mood to think of her much. He did not forget, even for a moment, why he was there. Most of the time he remained silent and meditative. He had come in search of some secret divinity. Will he succeed in his quest? That was his worry.

But he forgot his worry for some days. It was when he fell ill and Lalita nursed him. He suffered, but his suffering was far surpassed by his elation at

his close contact with Lalita.

He realised that not only Lalita loved him, but also he loved Lalita. No wonder that he should give his silent consent to Visvavasu's proposal that he be married to Lalita.

It was spring and the whole nature was agog with love that burst forth in a million flowers and lush green leaves. Vidyapati's marriage with Lalita was performed amidst the joyous songs of the tribal maids and the sweetly taunting cuckoos.

Days passed. Vidyapati was both happy and unhappy. Happy he was for Lalita, unhappy for his mission that remained unfulfilled.







Only if he could be as determined a worker as Visvavasu! For example, he had observed Visvavasu going out somewhere at dawn without fail, to come back after the sunrise. Even a terrible cyclone would not stop him from this.

Suddenly Vidyapati grew curious about it. Where does Visvavasu go?

And he put the question to Lalita.

"O my husband, I am not supposed to disclose that to anybody. But how on earth can I keep anything hidden from you? Somewhere nearby there is a cave. Inside it there is our

ancestral deity. My father goes to pay his homage to Him. My father's father, my grandfather, even my grandfather's father, did the same," replied the innocent Lalita.

Vidyapati heard her with rapt attention and great curiosity. Is the unforeseen hand that had led him there was now trying to lead him a step farther?

"My dear Lalita," he said softly. "Can't I have a glimpse of the deity?"

"Don't have any such desire, my husband, for my father would never consent to let any outsider even know of the deity, what to speak of showing the deity to him!"

"Do I continue to be an outsider even after marrying you?" Vidyapati feigned sadness.

"Oh no. I'll surely plead with my father to take you there."

At night Lalita told Visvavasu of her husband's desire. Visvavasu cast a severe look at her and kept quiet.

But Lalita was not to give up so easily. "Father, am I not your only child? Who will worship the deity after you? Won't the duty rest in Vidyapati? What harm familiarising him with the deity now?" she persisted in her



pleading.

"Will your husband stay with us in this forest forever?" Visvavasu asked gravely.

"Of course he will if you don't disappoint him, if you love him like your son!"

"Even then he belongs to another culture, another world. But, my child I will fulfil his desire. It is for your sake."

But Visvavasu was oath-bound not to show anybody the way to the cave, unless it was time for him to hand over the charge of his deity to someone. Vidyapati agreed to proceed blindfolded.

As usual it was the hour before the sunrise when Visvavasu prepared to go to the cave. Vidyapati's eyes were covered by a pad of cloth. Visvavasu held his right hand and led him on.

Unknown to Visvavasu and even unknown to Lalita, Vidyapati carried a handful of mustard seeds in his left hand. He went on scattering them along the way to the cave.

"My boy, lower your head. We are now entering the cave," said Visvavasu and he gently removed the cover from Vidyapati's eyes.

Vidyapati opened his eyes in the dark interior. His eyes went to a nook of the cave. There, on a slab of stone, Visvavasu placed some flowers.

Instantly there flashed a blue light. Vidyapati saw in the flash the vision of Krishna—the beautiful Krishna with his flute.

A cry of joy and wonder went out of his lips.

"What happened, my son?" asked Visvavasu. That brought Vidyapati back to senses.







Characters from Indian Classics

## AMBARISA

The King who could wield  
Vishnu's Sudarshana

**A**mbarisa was a great king, but his greatness was more due to his devotion to Vishnu than to his power or wealth.

He was so deeply devoted to Vishnu that Vishnu gave him a rare boon. By that boon the king could summon Vishnu's invincible weapon, the Sudarshana Chakra. However, very few knew of this privilege granted to him.

Once the king observed a certain spiritual discipline for a full year. At the end of the period, he fasted for three days. The third day was the Ekadasi or the Eleventh day of the lunar fortnight, an auspicious day.

The king was to have food after offering it to the gods.

Just before he was to end his penance, the sage Durvasa reached his palace. In fact, he had been instigated by Indra who wished to harass the king.

Durvasa was notorious for his short temper. The king was as courteous with him as possible. "Wait for me," said Durvasa. "I'll be back after a bath in the river, then we will have food together."

The king waited for long, but Durvasa did not return. Other sages and priests advised the king to break his fast before the auspicious moment was past. The king took only a sip of water, no food, to abide by their advice.

The king had just done so when Durvasa was back. Durvasa was furious. "You have insulted me by breaking your fast without waiting for me!" he shouted. Not only that, he tore a lock of his mounting hair and



dashed it to the ground. A terrible being sprang up. It advanced towards the king to destroy him.

There was no time to lose. King Ambarisa remembered the Sudarshana. Out of his forehead emerged the luminous weapon. It beheaded the terrible being and then flew towards Durvasa.

The angry sage was not prepared for such turn of events. He took to heels. He went to Indra's abode and banged on his door. But Indra was too scared to open it. Durvasa ran to Brahma and then to Siva. Both said that they won't be able to protect him from the Sudar-

shana.

Durvasa ran to Vishnu. "Frankly," said the Lord, "I cannot come to your rescue because I have granted the right to use the Sudarshana to Ambarisa. He alone can withdraw the weapon."

Durvasa was obliged to take refuge with the king. The king withdrew the Sudarshana and was as courteous to the sage as ever.

After some years King Ambarisa handed over the kingdom to his sons and retired into the forest for Tapasya.

*(The Bhagavatam).*





## DOUBLE BENEFIT

Bazu Khan always claimed before his friends that he knew the art of getting twice the value of any money he spent.



One day he went to a dentist for pulling out an aching tooth. The dentist demanded two dinars.



After the dentist pulled out the tooth, Bazu Khan said, "You pulled out the wrong tooth. This is the aching tooth!" The dentist pulled out that tooth too.



Proudly Bazu Khan confided to his friends, "There was nothing wrong with the second tooth. But paying the dentist only two dinars, I got four dinars worth of work!"





# Oliver Twist



Sad and depressed, Oliver decides to escape from the undertaker and flee to London. Six days of weary journey on foot brings him to Barnet where a kind young man befriends him and shares his food with him.



"I'm going to London tonight," the young gentleman said. "I know a respectable old fellow there who'll give you lodgings for nothing." This unexpected offer of shelter was immediately followed by a friendly conversation from which Oliver learned that the stranger's name was Jack Dawkins, and that he was known among his companions as 'The Artful Dodger' Oliver, it seemed, had found himself a new friend.



They reached London just before nightfall but it was not until nearly eleven o'clock that they reached their destination. The street was narrow and muddy and the air filled with filthy odours.

The Dodger led Oliver into a house, and together they ascended the dark and broken stairs. At the top of the stairs, the Dodger threw open the door of a back room, and drew Oliver in after him. The walls and ceiling were perfectly black with age. But Oliver's attention was more on the figure who stood in the middle of the room.





"Fagin, this is my new friend," said Jack Dawkins. "His name is Oliver Twist." The figure turned from the fire and Oliver found himself face to face with the man who was to have such a terrible influence on his life. "I am very glad to see you, Oliver," Fagin said. "Dodger, draw up a tub near the fire for Oliver. When he's eaten, he can rest comfortable for the night in the corner."



Soon after four boys came into the room, were introduced to Oliver, then sat down at the table where they proceeded to light up clay pipes. One of the young gentlemen eventually got up and was obliging enough to put his hands in Oliver's pockets, saying that as Oliver was clearly very tired, he would be glad to empty them for him. This immediately brought about the use of Fagin's toasting fork.



After Oliver had finished eating the food that had been given him, Fagin suggested that he should settle himself down to sleep. Oliver lay down on a sack in the corner of the room and immediately sank into a deep sleep. When he awoke it was still dark, and Fagin was sitting at the table with a large box in front of him.





Opening the box, Fagin took from it a magnificent gold watch sparkling with jewels. More items were produced; rings, brooches, bracelets and other articles of jewellery. Fagin examined them all carefully with glistening eyes and obvious delight.

Suddenly, Fagin's dark eyes fell upon Oliver. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash and laying his hand on the bread knife, he bounded over to Oliver's side. "What do you watch me for? What have you seen? Speak out quick, boy, quick, boy. Quick—quick for your very life!



"I have seen nothing, sir," Oliver said. "I have just this very moment awakened. Upon my word, sir," Fagin said suddenly all smiles. "Tush, tush, my dear. I tried to frighten you, Oliver. And you have now proved to me what I thought from the moment I first saw you. You're a brave boy, Oliver."





Later that morning the Dodger returned with a sprightly young friend who was formally introduced to him as Charlie Bates. "Good morning, my good boys" Fagin said. "And what have you got for me this morning?" "A couple of pocket books," the Dodger said, producing two wallets which he handed to Fagin.

"And what have you got, my dear?" Fagin asked Charlie Bates. "Wipes," replied Master Bates, producing four pocket handkerchiefs. "They're very good ones," Fagin said. "We shall have to teach Oliver how to make such beautiful handkerchief. Would you like that, Oliver?"

"If you please, sir," Oliver said innocently.



"Now we'll play a little game," Fagin said. "And Oliver shall join in." Fagin then placed a snuff box in one pocket, a note case in the other, a watch elsewhere, and a handkerchief somewhere else. Then he pretended to be an old man walking about the streets, occasionally stopping to look in a window. While he did this, the Dodger and Charlie kept stumbling into him, at the same time picking his pockets.



## The Empty Jar That Was Not Empty

In Israel of bygone days lived an old man. His wife and his two daughters used to spin yarn from cotton. The old man used to sell them in the bazar. With the money he got, he bought food for his family.

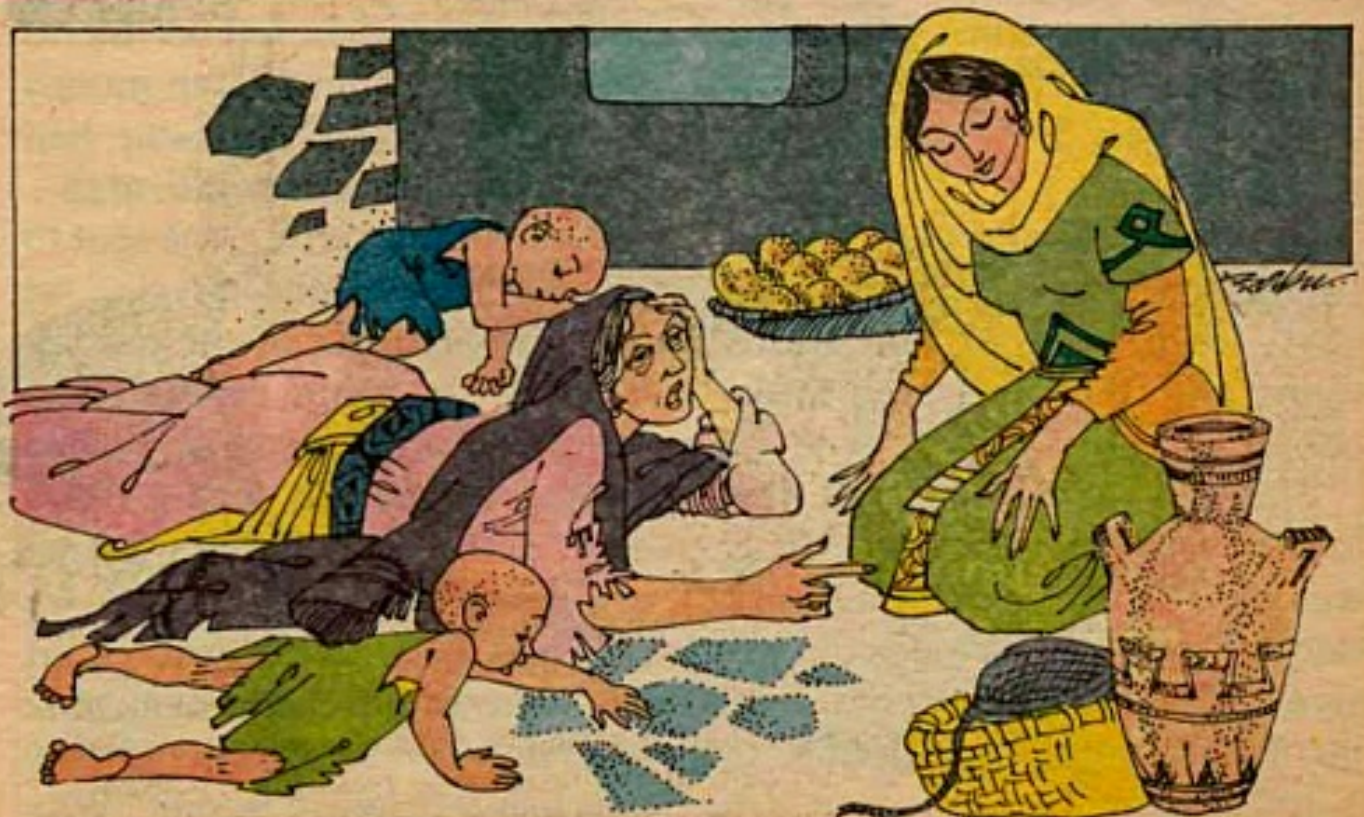
They lived on this daily meagre income. They had not saved any money. The two daughters were of marriageable age. But the old man was in no position to arrange for their marriage for money would be needed because the ceremony.

One day the old man felt too

tired to go to the bazar to sell the yarn. So they sent their elder daughter to do the needful. The elder daughter sold the yarn for the expected price and bought loaves of bread and was on her way back home.

She took to a short-cut. In a lane there was a small hut. She heard a moaning coming from the hut. Curious, she peeped in and saw a woman and her small children lying on the floor. It was the woman who moaned.

"What torments you?" asked the girl:







"Hunger. We had had no food for past three days," replied the woman.

"If I give you some food, will it be of much help to you? What will you do for tomorrow?" asked the girl.

"Only if we could gather little strength, we will go over to the next town. My kinsmen are there and they are well-to-do people."

The girl gave them all the loaves she had bought. The woman thanked her much and said, "Friend, I have nothing to give you in return but this old jar. Please take this with you. It is not empty."

The girl looked into the jar. It was empty. She said, "Empty or full, I have no need of your jar. Thanks."

"Please take this. I tell you, it is not empty."

The girl took the jar, more to satisfy the woman than to benefit out of it in any way.

At home she narrated what befell her on the way, but not without some embarrassment. All were going to starve for her charity!

But nobody made any adverse comment on her action. Said her mother, "True we have to pass the night without food, but we had had some food in the morning, after all!"

"That is right. Let us try to sell the jar. It may fetch money enough to buy at least one loaf of bread," said the old man.

The younger sister was sent to the market with the jar. She sat down in a corner of the market waiting for some customer to buy her jar. Dozens of people looked at the jar, but nobody even cared to ask her what its price was!

When the market was about to close, an old fisherman came near her and said, "I have only one fish left in my basket. Why



don't you buy it? I'll give it cheap."

"I have no money to buy your fish. But if you are willing to exchange it for this jar, you are welcome to do so!" said the girl.

The fisherman cast a look at the jar and said, "I don't mind. Something is better than nothing."

They exchanged their wares. The girl returned home with the fish.

"Something is indeed better than nothing," said her mother as she sat down to cut the fish.

Lo and behold, pop came a sizable pearl out of the fish. All looked at it with wonder. In their joy they forgot their hunger. In the morning the old man went to his childhood friend who was a jeweller. Examining the pearl, the jeweller said, "This is the finest pearl I have

ever seen. I cannot buy it because it is beyond my means. I will take you to my friend, another jeweller, who can pay the right price for it," said the friend.

The other jeweller was happy to pay a price which made the old man rich. His daughters were married off and the old couple found enough money left with them to spend their last days in comfort.

"I understand the mystery of that hungry woman's assertion that her jar was not empty!", one day the old man told his wife, daughters and sons-in-law as they sat for dinner.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"The jar was full of love," explained the old man.

(Adapted)





## PUNISHMENT FROM THE SAGE



“O Master, I know how tired you are. You did not care to have any food in the morning and it is already noon. We are not likely to reach our destination before another two hours,” the disciple told his guru, Samarth Ramdas.

“What do you suggest, my boy?” asked the guru.

“Please relax under this banyan tree. I should be able to find some fruit for you from the fields or the village at hand.”

“All right,” said the guru and he sat down under the tree.

The disciple walked away towards the field. But fifteen minutes later he reappeared there,

almost crying. He was followed by a strong and stout man who held a well-formed sugarcane in his hand. The fellow gave a beating to the disciple and he did not stop with that. He raised the sugarcane aiming at the sage. Before the disciple could stop him, he had inflicted two blows on the sage’s back. The sugarcane broke into pieces.

“Stealing from my field, eh! Don’t you know who I am? Can anybody escape stealing Raghu Singh’s property?” the fellow yelled.

Raghu Singh would have belaboured the sage and his disciple even more. In fact, he was looking for some stick which he would have been happy to break upon the backs of those two hopeless travellers. But he saw a stray bull approaching his field. He made a dash at it to drive it away.

The sage and his disciple resumed their travel. In two hours they reached the camp of Shiva-



ji, the great king of the Marathas.

Shivaji was delighted at the sage's arrival. As was his custom, he brought warm water himself and poured them on the sage, helping him to bathe.

"What's this? How did this mark come on your skin?" Shivaji wondered aloud.

"O King, a fellow named Raghu Singh of the village Chittal beat up the guru, because I took from his field a stick of sugarcane!" the disciple informed Shivaji.

Shivaji trembled in anger and sorrow. "What!" he exclaimed at last. "This is my kingdom and here is my spiritual master. All that I possess belongs to my master. How on earth can anybody humiliate my master?"

"Dear Shivaji, I'd like you to summon Raghu Singh," said the sage.

"I will, my master, I will. He must be punished severely!" said Shivaji.

Shivaji's soldiers galloped forth immediately in the direction of Chittal. By evening they were back with Raghu Singh.

"My master, what should I do to this fellow? What is your desire? Should I..."



Before Shivaji had suggested the nature of punishment for Raghu Singh, the sage said, "My son, pay him the price of the sugarcane my disciple took from his field. Then pay him for his labour in coming here. Last but not the least, pay him for his kindness in letting us off with only a few blows. He could have done us to death in his fit of anger! After all we had trespassed into his field!"

Shivaji stood speechless. His eyes moistened. He patted Raghu Singh on the back and rewarded him adequately.

Raghu Singh fell at Samarth Ramdas's feet and wept.



# SLAVES ARE SLAVES!

The king had a number of slaves in his palace. Their parents and their parents' parents too were slaves. They had no freedom. They could not discontinue working in the royal household.

"My lord, let these slaves be granted freedom. Thereafter they may stick to their jobs if they like or may go away if they please," the minister told the king several times.

"What is wrong with the children of slaves remaining as slaves?" was the stock reply of the king. "Slaves are slaves and they must remain so," he added.

One day the minister told the king, "Look here, my lord, every royal family has a cremation ground or burial ground of its own. But the members of your dynasty are cremated along with the commoners. That is not proper. Come, let us demarcate an area for the cremation of the dead from the royal family."

The happy king accompanied the minister to the cremation ground. At the minister's instruction, the servants had collected at one place all the bones scattered over the ground.

"My lord," said the minister drawing his attention to the heap. "We must separate the bones of the royal family members from those of the commoners—particularly of the slaves. You alone know that slaves are slaves. You can certainly distinguish their bones from those of the others."

The king kept quiet. Back in the palace, he passed an order granting freedom to his slaves.







## The Master And The Disciple

Sanjay was not at all interested in studies. His father was very worried about it.

One day, Sanjay's father took him to Guru Vikramdev and said: "Gurudev, I'll be very grateful to you if you could teach my son. I've tried my best to convince him to go to school but I have failed in my efforts..."

"Do not worry," said the guru. "I shall teach your son basic reading and writing within one year. But, for that, he has to live with me."

Sanjay was left in the care of the guru.

On the first day Sanjay was asked to do a lot of household work: cleaning the vessels, sweeping the floor of the house, feeding the cattle etc. The same routine continued for a week.

The guru thought that by

working very hard, Sanjay would get tired of it and prefer to go to school. So, in the second week he called Sanjay and asked, "Sanjay, isn't all the household work too hard for you? Wouldn't you prefer studying?"

"No, Guruji. I prefer work to studies," replied Sanjay.

Another week passed. But, there was no change in Sanjay's attitude. So, the guru told Sanjay:

"Hear, my son. A cow eats grass but gives us sweet milk. That is because it has a special capacity to do so. Similarly, man has special capacities to turn his experiences into knowledge. I'll teach you how to do it."

"Guruji, I am not really interested in all these talks. I enjoy my work. That is





enough!" replied Sanjay curtly.

After a few more weeks, once again Guru Vikramdev tried to tempt Sanjay, saying, "My son, wouldn't you like to fly in the air and walk on water? I'm sure you'd love to. I can teach you special mantras for that. But, you will need to learn reading and writing."

"Sure, I'd love to fly in the air! Teach me the mantras Guruji," said Sanjay enthusiastically.

Days turned into weeks and still Sanjay was not able to master the alphabet as he was always thinking about his work during the studies.

"Sanjay, why can't you concentrate in your studies?" asked Guru Vikramdev one day. Pointing at a small boy in the verandah he said, "Look at this young boy who is hardly five years old. He can learn five letters in a day, then why can't you?"

Sanjay thought for a while and replied, "Guruji, he is five years old and I am ten years. So it is more difficult for me to learn reading and writing."

The guru wondered at Sanjay's clever answer. "Then, if that is so, bring to me a man of twenty years and I'll teach him the alphabet," commanded Vikramdev.

Next day, a young villager came to the guru. Within a few hours he was taught the first ten letters.

"Sanjay, what have you to say now?" asked the guru.

"Guruji, he's twenty years old. I will also learn to read and write when I am twenty!" replied the young boy laughingly.

"All right. Then call a child who is of your age and I'll teach him!" said the guru taking up the challenge.

Sanjay went in search of a ten-year-old boy. But he could

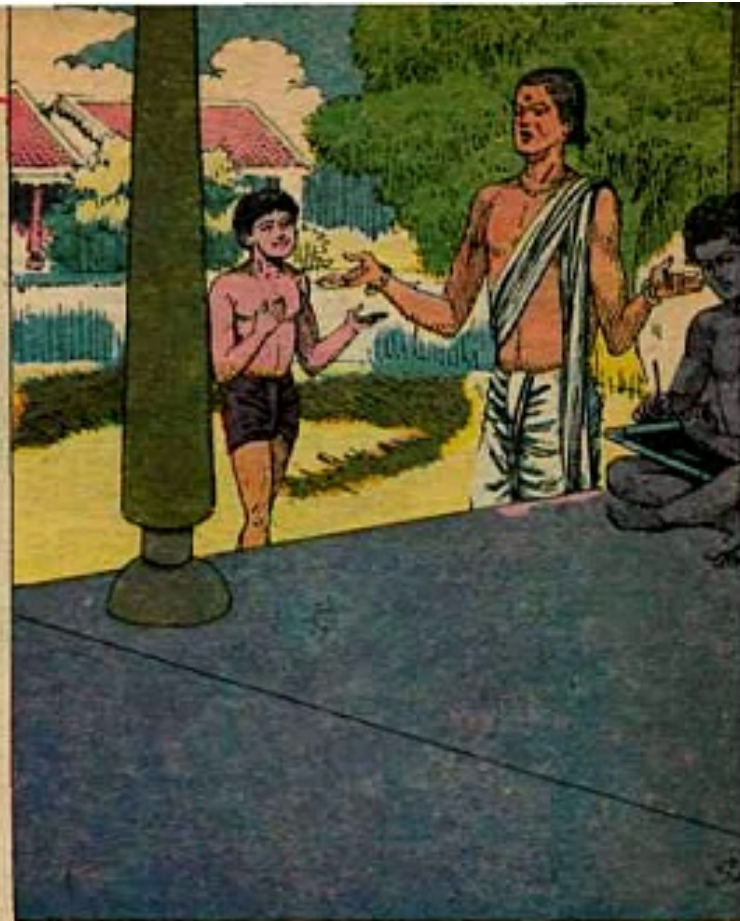


not find anyone as they had all gone to the village school. On hearing this the guru said, "So you see, Sanjay, all the boys of your age have gone to school and you will be the only uneducated one. You will never be respected by your friends."

"I don't care about respect and honour. It is all a question of one's fate: some are respected and others ignored," replied Sanjay in a thoughtful mood.

In the end, the guru became annoyed with Sanjay's arguments and he said in a stern tone, "Sanjay! I do not want to hear anymore self-justifications. From tomorrow you'll have to learn ten letters a day. And, as many as you don't learn so many cane-whips you'll receive!"

Sanjay was frightened; he tried his best to learn. Alas! it was absolutely impossible for him to learn anything. At the end of the day when Guru Vikramdev called him and was about to give him the cane-whips, Sanjay said, "Guruji, it is sure that learning is my business and if I fail in it I get the punishment. But, teaching is your responsibility and if you



are unable to teach me it only means that you have failed in your responsibility. Then who is to punish you?"

The cane fell from the guru's hands. "Sanjay, you have opened my eyes. Meanwhile, you return to your father and help him in his work. I can't teach you anymore."

Sanjay returned to his father and told him what Guru Vikramdev had said.

The son was very enthusiastic in helping out his father in his farm work. Within a few years, they saved enough money to build for themselves a good house and even save some





money for rainy days.

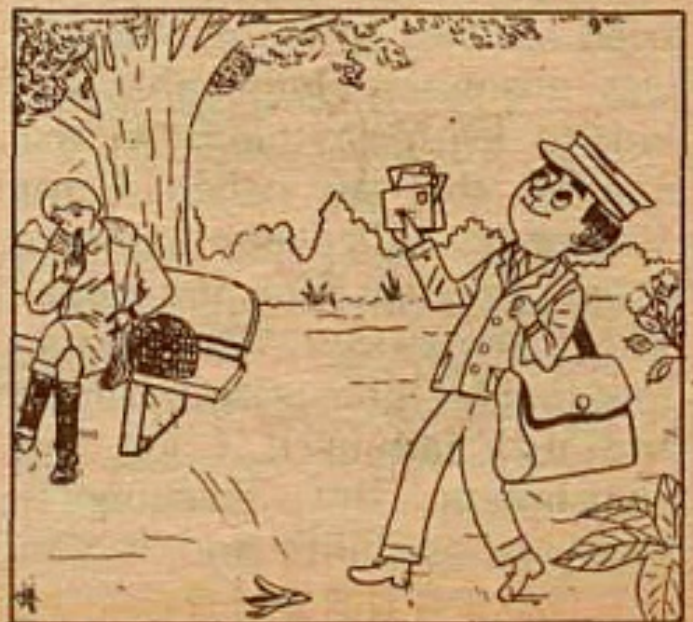
One day, Sanjay suddenly felt a great urge to learn reading and writing. He went back to Guru Vikramdev and entreated him to teach him once again.

"Guruji," said Sanjay one day, "did I not say that I shall learn when I am twenty years old? Now I am twenty! I'm sorry

for having irritated you ten years ago."

"Well, you seem to have proved your point," replied the guru. "But, although you did not learn your lesson ten years ago, I did mine. So you've no reason to feel sorry about anything. I am happy that you learnt reading and writing now. It is never too late to learn!"

## WONDER WITH COLOURS





## WITH AN EYE ON PEACE

The Prime Minister of the King of Avanti had just died. The king was looking for the right person who could fill up the empty chair.

There were three candidates for the post selected by the elderly advisors to the king. They were Ram Sarma, Haridas and Raj Verma.

The king called the first candidate into his private chamber. "You see, our neighbours, King Virsen and King Shaktisen, are enemies to each other. Now both of them have sent their emissaries to us, requesting for our friendship. If I accept the proposal of one the other one will be annoyed. What do I do?"

"My lord, between the two, King Virsen is powerful. We should befriend him. No use having a weak man like Shaktisen as an ally," said Ram Sarma.

Next, the king called the second candidate Haridas and put the same question to him.

"My lord, Virsen is powerful and proud. Even if he professes friendship, he cannot be trusted. It is better to befriend Shaktisen. Because he is weak he will value your cooperation much more than any other king," said Haridas.

The king thanked him and called the third candidate Raj Verma, and put the same question to him.

"My lord, our friendship with any of these two kings will result in our getting involved in their quarrel. If there is a battle between them we will be obliged to side with one of them. That will not be good to us at all. My humble suggestion is, we write to both the kings that we welcome their friendship provided they become friends of each other first. If necessary we can mediate between them. Let us offer our good offices for peace in the whole region," said Raj Verma.

The king appointed Raj Verma as his Prime Minister.





# Mystery of The Lemmings' Last

**Is it the prospect of food on a distant shore that causes the Norwegian lemmings to plunge into the sea for a journey from which they will never return?**

**E**VERY three or four years a strange thing happens to the lemmings of Norway. They come down from the mountains in which they live, head for the sea, plunge into the water and swim until they drown.

Why they do this is one of nature's puzzles. One of the reasons is that they are fast breeders—a female can have at least ten youngsters a year. This rapid multiplication eventually causes there to be more lemmings than can be supported by the food available. Grass, moss, leaves and bark becomes scarce, causing the lemmings to set out in search of more things to eat.

Norway's mountains are fairly near to the sea, and so the lemmings begin their trek towards it. In large numbers, feeding and sleeping by day and travelling by night, they press on to their strange destiny.

Obstacles that would normally deter them no longer do so. They assemble in crowds behind walls or high rocks until panic sets in and they force themselves over the obstacles and stream down the valleys.

## Easy Pickings

Predators have a field day. Birds and land animals pick off the little lemmings with great ease. But there are still large numbers remaining when the sea comes into sight.

Once, during an early stage of the world's existence, the Baltic and the North Seas were narrower than they are at present. It would have been possible for lemmings to have swum across these seas to find more food.

Is it this fact that has given the modern lemmings an instinct to cross the sea in the belief that there will be food on the other side? Nobody knows whether this is so or not. But the fact is that the lemmings launch themselves upon the waters and strike out for the horizon.

And that is the last that is ever seen of them.

It is a strange end for a fascinating animal. Lemmings are rodents about as big as a man's hand. They are found in Northern Europe, Asia and America, being extremely common in Norway.

Life is hazardous for the lemmings. The common fox, arctic fox, falcon and snowy owl, wolverine and wolf are just some of the predators who put the lemmings on their menu.

When the lemmings are plentiful, so are the offspring of all the predators of the Arctic region. The fast-growing predators need abundant food and it is the lemmings' fate to provide it.

In summer, most lemmings live above ground and build burrows and shelters. But when the winter arrives, they go beneath the snows. Here elaborate runs and galleries are built which give them access to the moss and lichen of the Arctic floor.

One type of lemming, every autumn, grows an elongated claw on its forefoot in order to dig more efficiently. The claw then disappears in the spring.

Before the onset of the winter, lemmings gather stores of food together, mainly seeds, bulbs and roots. When the regular covering of snow blankets the far north, the lemmings is eating its way through the long dark months in its underground shelter.

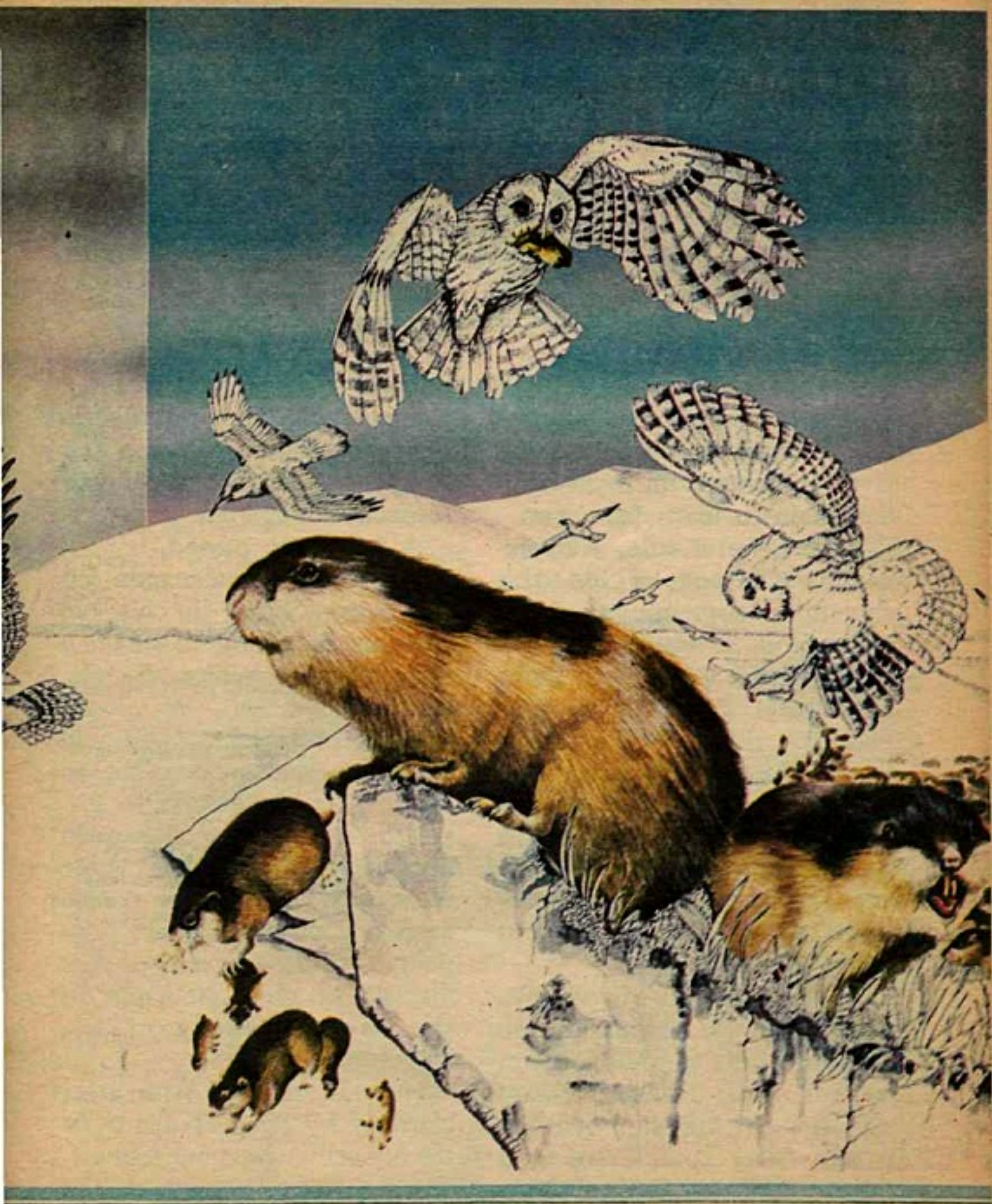
Closely related to voles, lemmings have rounded heads, small ears, short legs and short tails. In fact, one that lives in the west of North America is known as the sage-brush vole. Southern Russia has the steppe lemmings living in its grass lands, and this has a relative, more lightly coloured, which inhabits Mongolia.

But the thing which distinguishes the Norwegian lemming from all its relatives is the periodic migration to the sea. The size of this can be gauged from the experience of a steamship captain in 1868. His ship came upon a great swarm of lemmings surging over the waves. So big was this that it took the ship about a quarter of an hour to sail through it.

As his ship steamed on, the skipper looked at the vast, undulating sea of brown lemmings driven by some strange instinct to struggle hopelessly across the waves on a journey from which there was no return.











## THE BETTER DISCIPLE

It was a thick and beautiful forest and, in it was situated the Ashram of Kamalananda. Even students from royal families came to learn from him.

As a general rule, Kamalananda never spoke of God to his students. If someone asked him about God, he would reply, "It is not useful for you to know about God. I'll teach you now only that which will help you in your future life and teach you to be honest and just."

However, when he found a student truly deserving to know about God, Kamalananda never hesitated to tell him about things spiritual.

In his Ashram lived two young princes. Prince Mitesh was the son of the king of Nagpur, and, Prince Hemant was from the kingdom of Ramnagar. After completing their

education with their guru, Kamalananda, they returned to their kingdoms. Within a few years they became kings of their respective kingdoms.

A few years passed.

One day, Kamalananda felt like seeing some of his old students. He set out to see them along with a senior disciple, Pavitra.

After meeting a few of his old students, the guru came to Ramnagar. He was quite surprised to see that the town abounded in temples. There were vast courtyards outside each one of them where poor people were being served free meals. The guru felt happy to see the prosperity of the kingdom.

He was received with great courtesy by King Hemant. At the opportune moment Kamala-



nanda asked him, "Hemant, I've seen that your capital city is full of temples. You seem to have a deep faith in God, is it so?"

"O Guru, I've no faith in God. But, my people have blind faith in several different gods. Hence, to help them in their faith, I've got all these temples built—one for each god or goddess," replied King Hemant. "I have so arranged that the temple funds are used for relief to the poor and for encouraging music and dance."

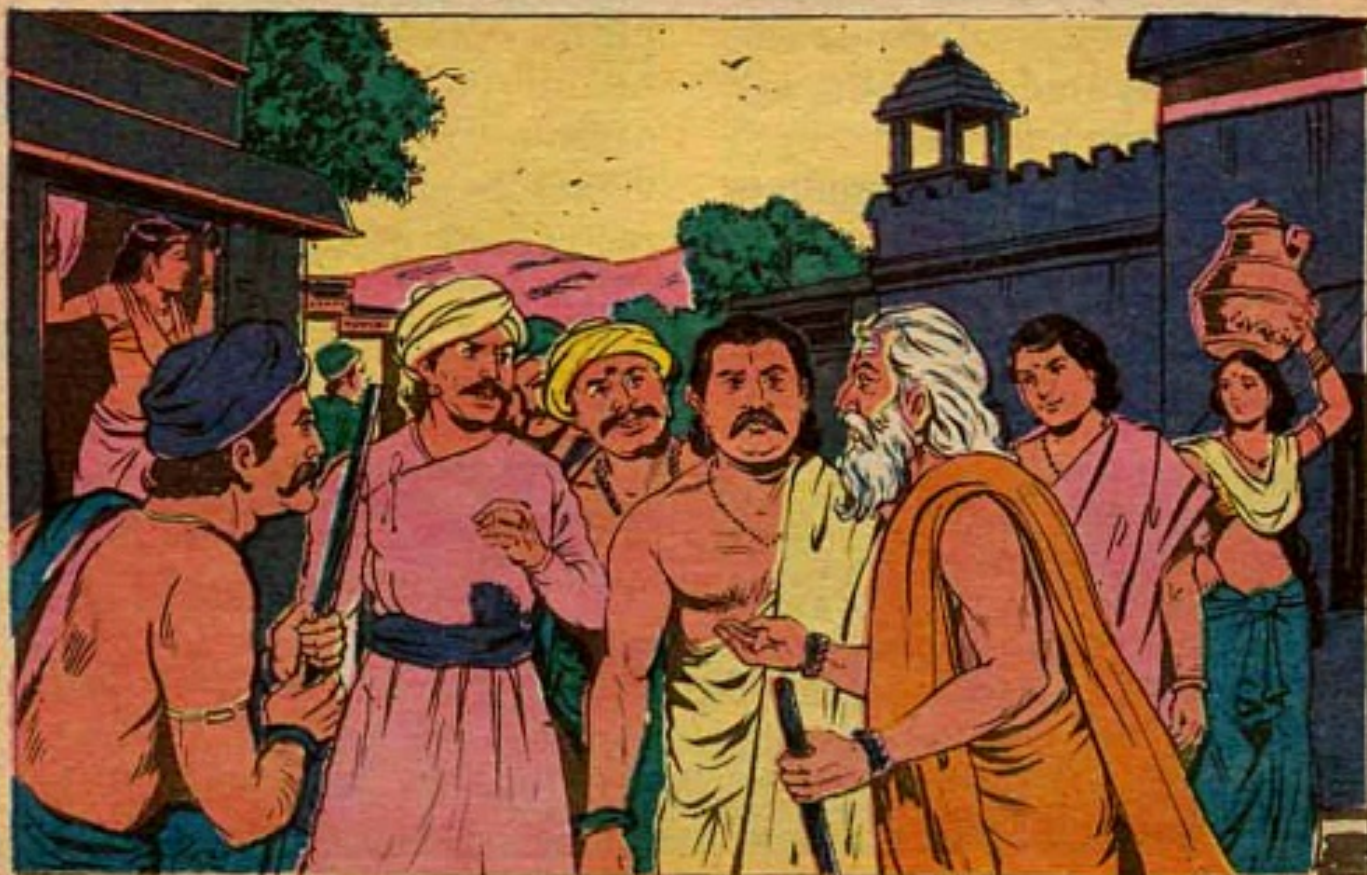
After a couple of days, the guru went to the capital of King Mitesh. To his surprise, he saw

not a single temple in the capital city. He asked some people of the town, "Don't you people have any faith in God? How is that there are no temples here!"

"We have faith in God, but, it is our king who is an atheist. That's why there are no temples here," explained an elderly gentleman of the town, with some anguish.

Kamalananda returned to his Ashram after staying for a few days with his old student, King Mitesh.

One day, he asked Pavitra, "Tell me, who between King Mitesh and King Hemant is a better disciple?"







"Doubtless, it is King Mitesh," replied the disciple.

"How?" asked the guru.

"That is because King Mitesh does what he thinks is best for his people. He follows his own convictions," clarified Pavitra.

The guru kept quiet.

"Am I right, Sir?" asked Pavitra.

"I told my students not to ask about God and advised them to use their discretion in matters relating to faith. Such things are best left to individuals. However, it is a different matter when it comes to ruling a kingdom.

Mitesh may not have faith in God. He need not worship God himself. But he has no right to impose his personal attitude to God on his people. As a king, he must honour the faith of his people.

"Hemant too has no faith in God, but he honours his people's sentiments. In his wisdom, he has made the temples serve some other purpose—like providing food to the poor and recreations to others. He is a wiser man and a better disciple!" the guru explained.

Pavitra understood.

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New Tales of King  
Vikram and the Vampire

## THE RIVAL

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals of thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of the spirits.

However, King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I hope you have not undertaken this dangerous task in competition with someone else. It is difficult to say what your competitor might be planning. Well, that reminds me of two other competitors. Let me tell their story to you. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Long ago the state of Shuvnagar was ruled by King Vijaydev. He





patronised poets, artists and scholars. Devidas was his court-poet.

In a small town of the kingdom lived a young man named Prasanna. He read the poetry of renowned poets with great interest and felt inspired to write poetry himself. He was all praise for the poetry of Devidas.

Soon he realised that in that small town there were not many to appreciate his poetry. Some of his childhood friends advised him to meet the king and seek his patronage.

Prasanna was encouraged by this advice. He proceeded to the capital.

He took lodge in an inn and tried to find admittance into the royal court. But it was not easy.

By the side of the inn lived a jeweller. Prasanna came to know him. One day he told him, "Here there are experts to tell people the value of jewels, but no experts to determine the merit of men."

"What makes you say so, young man?" asked the jeweller.

"Well, I am a poet. I desired to recite my poetry before the king. But I find nobody who would lead me to the king," replied Prasanna.

"You could easily go to the king through the superintendent of the royal court. Of course, you have to please him."

"What you mean is, I must bribe him. Let me salute from distance the king!" This Prasanna said in an instantly composed satirical couplet.

It so happened that Devidas, who was the jeweller's friend, appeared at the door and heard the conversation.

"Young man, from your verse I understand that you are a gifted poet. Why don't you meet the king?" Devidas asked, feigning ignorance of the situa-



tion.

"Who will introduce me to the king? The court-poet might lose his position once the king recognises my merit!" said Prasanna with some anguish.

Devidas laughed. "Very well, I'll introduce you to the king," he said.

"Are you trying to pull my legs?"

"No, young man, I'm serious. Be ready to meet the king tomorrow in the morning," said Devidas and, after a brief talk with the jeweller, left the place.

Prasanna found out who the stranger was. He felt extremely embarrassed. Next day the

court-poet's carriage reached his inn and drove him to the palace.

Devidas was waiting outside the court. Prasanna bowed to him and said, "I was a fool to talk in the manner I did. Please pardon me."

"Young man, frustration might drive a man to speak nonsense. But the verse you composed instantly convinced me that you are a gifted poet," observed Devidas. He then led Prasanna to the king's presence. Prasanna recited his poems for a long time. The king was deeply impressed. So was Devidas. Prasanna too was appointed a





court-poet.

In a few months the courtiers realised that Prasanna alone could rival Devidas in poetic talent.

Three years passed. One day the king said, "I see that my subjects are quarrelling among themselves on their religious faiths. Devotees of one deity look down upon the devotees of another deity and vice versa. How to teach them the true spirit of religion?"

"My lord, all the faiths come from the Vedas and the Upanishads. There is no contradiction between the deities in these great scriptures. But because

people do not understand the essence of the scriptures, they quarrel," observed Devidas.

"You're right," said the king. "Can you or Prasanna explain the ideas of these scriptures through simple poetry?"

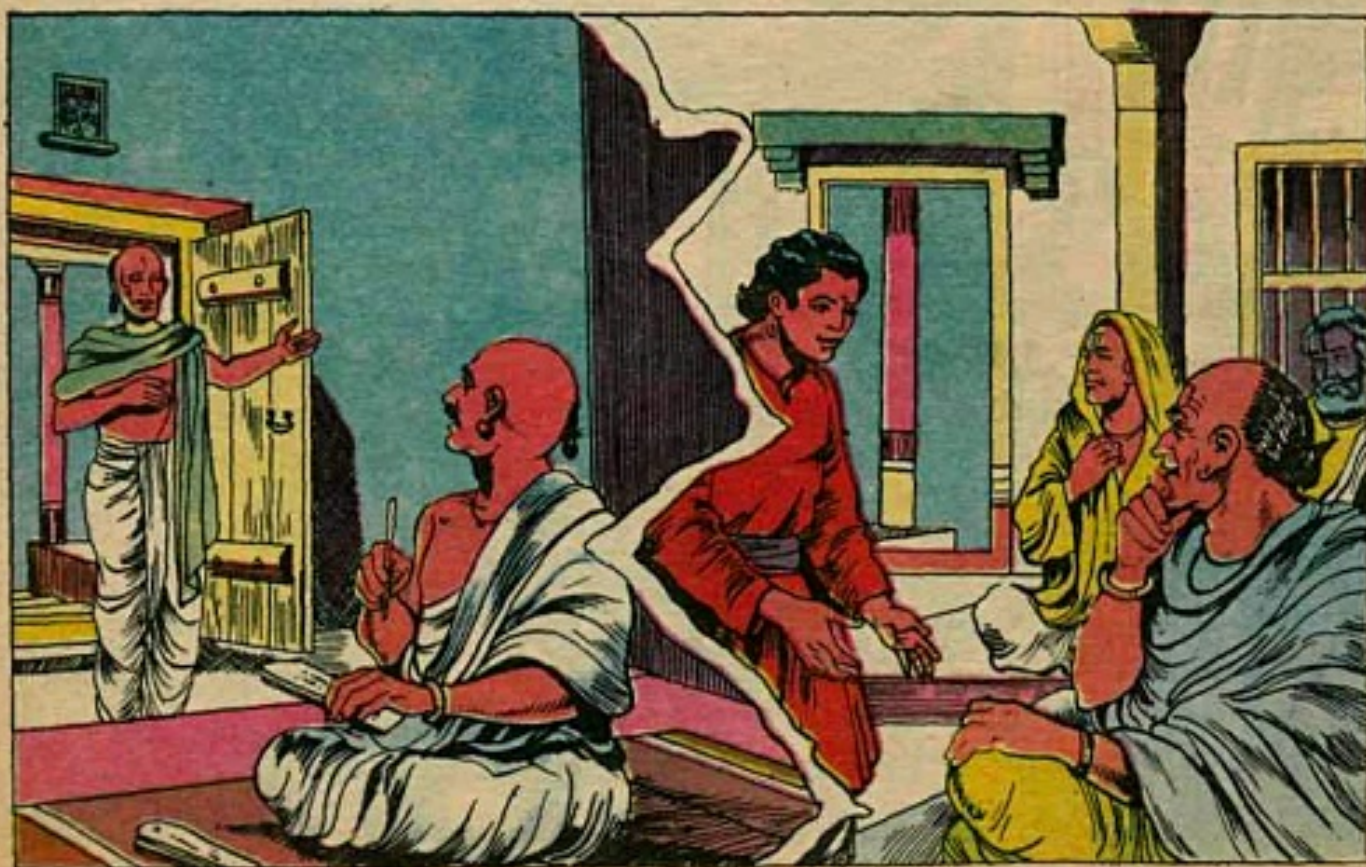
The two poets kept quiet.

"Prasanna, you are young and energetic. Can you take up this work? It should be done as soon as possible," said the king.

"My lord, it will not be easy to explain the spirit of the scriptures through poetry," said Prasanna.

"Why not?" observed Devidas.

The king smiled and said, "I





know that Devidas can do this without difficulty. But it is our wish that Prasanna too should try his hand in this. I give both a year's time. Complete the work in a thousand lines. A reward of ten thousand gold coins will go to one who can do it successfully."

The two poets began their work. Devidas had studied the scriptures. That is why he could complete his task in eight months. Prasanna spent his mornings meeting well-known scholars. He tried his best to understand the difficult passages in the scriptures through their help.

Although Devidas completed his work in eight months, he did not present it to the king. He waited for Prasanna to complete his work.

As the year came to a close, Prasanna informed Devidas that he was ready to submit his work to the king. A day was fixed with the king. One after the other the two poets read out their compositions.

The king was charmed with both. He was at a loss to decide who should get the reward. He was in the habit of consulting



Devidas in deciding the merit of poems written by new poets. Now Devidas himself was a party to the composition!

Luckily, the king's guru, Sage Chiranjivi, paid a visit to the court just then. The sage was a great scholar and a great critic. The king was delighted. He submitted both the works to him and requested him to decide the winner.

The sage read the works with concentration. "O King, you can reward both," he said.

The king nodded his assent. But Devidas said in an agitated tone, "O Sage, I don't think Prasanna completed his work





depending on his own merit alone. He has sought the help of many scholars. But I have done it all alone. What is more, I completed my work four months ago. The minister knows about it."

"Is that so? Why didn't you submit your work earlier?" asked the sage.

"I did not wish to claim the reward on the basis of speedy completion of the work. I want the reward strictly for the merit of my composition," said Devidas.

"Indeed, how could you write so very excellent poetry in such a record time?" asked the sage.

"Well, I have done similar works earlier. I had succeeded in writing a new version of the Mahabharata in a year. In two years I had retold the eighteen Mahapuranas in simple verses!" said Devidas proudly.

"It is true," commented the king.

"Do you wish to say anything?" the sage asked Prasanna.

"O Sage, what Devidas says is correct. I sought the help of a number of scholars in order to understand the meaning of scriptures. I wanted my verses to convey the philosophies as simply as possible. Several words and phrases used by such scholars have found their way into my work. My purpose was not to be original, or to win the reward, but to explain to the people the spirit of the scriptures. No doubt, I am a mere student of poetry when compared to Devidas," said Prasanna humbly.

The sage looked at the king and said, "The reward should go to Prasanna."

The king, without the slightest hesitation, did as advised by his guru. Devidas left the place looking gloomy.



The Vampire fell silent for a moment and then observed in a challenging tone, "O King, I have some doubts in my mind. What made the sage change his mind so abruptly? Does this not show him to be whimsical? If both the works were of equal merit, the reward should have gone to Devidas on account of his seniority. Don't you think so? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

King Vikram replied forthwith: "Strange is human nature. It is true that Devidas introduced Prasanna to the king. But in the course of time he had grown jealous of Prasanna. The sage's decision has a deeper significance. The poem was meant to remove jealousy from

the minds of the people. People quarrel among themselves out of ego and pride. It was clear that Devidas had not conquered his own ego and pride. How can his poetry help people to rise above ego and pride? Poetry cannot be effective only because of its style, language or even ideas. The consciousness in which it is written is very important. Prasanna's only inspiration in labouring was to serve the purpose for which the king had asked him to write the poem. So, in this case, he deserved the reward. Devidas was a good man, but his pride had blinded him momentarily. A blow to his pride will do him good, understood the sage. That is why he changed his decision abruptly."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





## WHAT A PITY!

"What! You think yourself to be cleverer than I, do you? I say, you're a fool to think like that!" asserted Raghu.

"You ask anyone and he will say that you and cleverness are two different things—as different as water and oil, which cannot mix!" retorted Balraj.

The village landlord, who was passing by, overheard their quarrel. "I will put a question to you. He who can answer correctly shall be known as cleverer than the other," he proposed.

"Pardon me, Sir!" mumbled Balraj and he ran away without a word more.

"It is clear that Balraj is cleverer. None of you could have answered the question I was going to put to you. He at least knew how to escape!" said the landlord and he went away.

Later Raghu told Balraj what the landlord said.

Balraj was amused. "The truth is, I suddenly had a colic pain. That is why I came away so hurriedly," he explained.

Raghu stood remorseful for a moment and then said, "I too suffer from colic pain from time to time. But what a pity that it betrayed me today! Had it visited me a second earlier than it visited you, I would have become cleverer!"







## A Patient Friend

**V**ikas and Chandrakant were ideal friends. People in the town used to talk about their friendship in high appreciation.

Of the two, however, Vikas was a short-tempered man. Chandrakant was like the moon, cool and pleasant-tempered.

One day, Vikas gave a big dinner party inviting all the eminent people of the town. Amongst them was Sureshdas, a wealthy rice merchant. He was in a way similar to Vikas, because he too was ill-tempered. He would burst in anger at the slightest provocation.

As it happened, though unfortunately, Vikas and Sureshdas met at the party and started exchanging pleasantries.

Sureshdas said, "Vikas, what is the great occasion for this grand party? You seem to be prospering in your business, eh?"

"No, no. It is not that. It is meant to ward off evil eyes," replied Vikas tauntingly.

"Does it mean I too have to give a party to evade people's evil eyes on my paddy-fields?" asked Sureshdas.

"I did not say that. You don't suggest that I've an evil eye, do you?" said Vikas angrily.

And the quarrel started. Fireworks of anger were heard in the hall.

Chandrakant came running. Pulling them apart, he firmly said, "Vikas, now stop it. Whatever be the argument, you should not insult a guest of





yours.”

The quarrel stopped. Soon the party was over.

But, from the next day, Vikas stopped visiting Chandrakant's house. He avoided even talking to him.

After a few days, Chandrakant went to Vikas's house and told his wife about the strange behaviour of his friend.

“My husband is annoyed with you,” said Vikas's wife. “He feels that you insulted him on the night of the party.”

“I never meant to insult him. I was only trying to save the party by stopping the quarrel,” explained Chandrakant.

“I too tried to pacify him, but, I did not succeed. You could perhaps think of some way to cool down his temper,” said the wife.

A few days after this incident, Vikas's son suddenly took ill. No doctor could diagnose the disease. Vikas was worried.

One day, a sadhu came to Vikas's house and he claimed that he could cure his son's illness.

“Sadhu Baba, I'm ready to do anything for curing my son. Tell me what medicine I should get for him,” pleaded Vikas.

“Vikas, more than medicine, it is your patience and understanding that will help your child to recover,” said the sadhu.

“Sadhu Baba, I have immense patience and a good understanding. Tell me what I should do to prove it to you,” asked Vikas.

“Then listen, Vikas,” said the sadhu. “You'll have to walk to the temple on the river-bank and bring the flowers that are at the feet of the deity. Mind you, the temple is ten miles away and it is a hot summer. You should not rest on the way and you should return immediately after



you get the flowers," warned the sadhu.

Vikas followed the sadhu's instructions closely. By evening he was back from the temple, with the flowers in his hand.

"Sadhu Baba, can I place these flowers on my son's head?" asked Vikas anxiously.

"No, not yet," said the sadhu. "You are filled with selfishness. Unless you get cleansed of it, you cannot give the flowers to your son," cautioned the sadhu.

"Sadhu Baba", how do you say that I am selfish? Have I not walked twenty miles in the hot sun for the sake of my son?" asked Vikas.

"Indeed, you have shown patience for the sake of your own son. You have treated me well—a stranger to you. You have shown devotion even in that stone idol only because of a

selfish motive. But, you are not ready to understand your well-wishers. That is why I call you selfish!" accused the sadhu.

"Sadhu Baba, I show patience and understanding equally towards all," said Vikas in self-defence.

"Towards all, but not towards the one standing before you," said the sadhu, removing his false beard..

Vikas was surprised to see Chandrakant as the sadhu.

"Vikas, my friend, all this was only a drama to regain your friendship. Your son was ill, but he recovered a few days ago. Do not worry," said Chandrakant with a smile.

Vikas gave a warm hug to Chandrakant. After that never was there any further misunderstanding between the two friends.





## COLOUR THAT MATCHED PERFECTLY

The landlord of Shripur was hard to satisfy. However sincerely and keenly one might work for him, he will always find some fault in the work.

One day a young man from a distant village met him and said, "Sir, I have to live in this village for a month. It is because my father is being treated by the physician of your village. Will you allow me to reside in your new guest house?"

"Young man," the landlord said, "You may reside in the guest house. But you have to give some service to the guest house in return. I do not like the colour of the pillars in the hall of the guest house. Can you paint them in a different colour? You can do it if you labour for half an hour every day!"

"I can. What colour would you like to put on the pillars?" asked the young man. The landlord brought out a box and said, "The colour of this box." He gave the young man some money and said again, "I am going on a pilgrimage for a month. Buy colour with this money. If I find your work satisfactory, I will reward you."

A month later the landlord returned and found that the colour of the pillars exactly matched the colour of the box. He rewarded the young man who left the village.

Next day the landlord showed the guest house to his wife and said, "What an excellent sense of colour the young man had!" He narrated what the young man had done.

His wife examined the box and examined the pillars. Bursting into a laugh, she said, "What a clever young man! He has not touched the pillars. He has simply coloured this little box to match the colour of the pillars!"

Only then the landlord realised that he had been fooled.





## RIVERS OF INDIA

### The Compassionate Bipasha

Once a king named Kalmasapada was riding along a narrow jungle path. From the opposite direction was coming a young sage named Shaktri. The king asked the sage to step aside so that he could pass.

"It is a king's duty to be humble before a sage. You should keep to a side and let me pass," said the sage. This angered the king. He whipped the young sage. Shaktri was shocked.



The infuriated young sage stood speechless for a moment. Then he cursed the king, saying, "You're unworthy of the high position you're holding. Your nature is that of a demon. Become a demon!" The king became a demon.







The young sage, Shaktri, was the eldest son of the great sage Vasistha. Vasistha had a formidable enemy in Sage Viswamitra. Viswamitra made the spirit of a ghoulish demon possess King Kalmasapada. The king-turned demon one day pounced upon Shaktri and killed him.

Kalmasapada did not stop there. He invaded the Ashram of Sage Vasistha and killed all his sons who were unarmed. The sage was not there. Kalmasapada reduced his Ashram to a rubble.



Sage Vasistha, on his return, found all his sons dead and his Ashram destroyed. His shock was indescribable. However, he blamed his own luck and decided not to wreak vengeance on anybody.



However, the remorseful Vasishta decided to put an end to his own life. He found a new river emerging from the hills. Her flow appeared powerful and deep. He climbed a rock and plunged into the swirling flow.



But he did not sink. What was surprising, he found himself standing on soft sands. The flow had totally disappeared. He understood that the kind-hearted river did not wish to cause his death.

But Vasishta was determined to die. He walked along the riverbank and came to a spot where the river appeared particularly deep. He bound his feet and then his own hands too, so that he cannot swim. He jumped into the flow again.







But in no time he found himself set free from his self-imposed bondage. The compassionate river's flow had cut asunder the ropes. The silver ripples on the surface of the river shone as if they tried to cheer him up.

Just then he saw his daughter-in-law, Shaktri's wife, standing on the river-bank, weeping. The sage remembered that she was to give birth to his grandchild, soon. He ought to live for the sake of the child. So he came out of the water.



Sage Vasistha was overwhelmed by the new river's compassion and mother-like love. He paid tribute to her and named her *Bipasha*—one who sets her children free from any bondage. To bathe in the *Bipasha* is considered an opportunity.



## THE GOLDEN HERON

Long long ago in a certain town lived a very poor boy named Mi. He was an absent-minded but generous artist who never bothered about earning money. Day by day he grew poorer. A time came when Mi could not afford even a cup of tea. He would have probably died but for a kind-hearted innkeeper who chanced to see him.

The innkeeper developed a strange affection for Mi. He took great care of him and kept him in his inn till he recovered completely.

One day Mi told the innkeeper, "Dear brother, I must take

leave of you now. I have no money and I will never be able to pay you for all that you have done for me. I will remain ever grateful to you. However, before I leave, I would like to offer you a humble gift."

Saying this Mi took out of his pocket a piece of chalk, golden in colour. He drew a golden heron on a wall in the room where people gathered to take tea. There was something unusual about the drawing—as though it was a real living heron.

"Dear brother," said Mi, "this heron will fetch you ten times the amount I owe you."







When a few persons would clap together thrice, the heron will come out of the wall and perform a delightful dance. However, do not forget one thing. Never should you oblige the heron to perform for one person only, for if you do so, that would be its last dance." After this Mi left.

At first the innkeeper did not take the artist's words seriously. Nevertheless, there was no harm in giving it a try, he thought.

The same evening when customers gathered for tea, the innkeeper requested all of them to clap together thrice. Expect-

ing some fun they obliged him. Lo and behold, the golden heron on the wall was seen flapping its wings. Soon it flew down to the floor. It started its majestic and graceful dance the like of which nobody had ever seen! It was simply magnificent! The dance went on for quite some time. Not a soul stirred. They were all lost as if in a different world. In due time the ethereal dance came to an end and the golden heron changed into the picture on the wall. Was it a dream or reality?

In no time this became the talk of the town. Soon people from far and wide started coming to witness this wonder. They paid money to the innkeeper. In a short time, the innkeeper became a wealthy man.

Time passed. One day the governor of the region came to the inn. His bodyguards drove away all the peasants of the locality who had gathered there to see the dance of the golden heron. Feeling happy and satisfied with nobody around, the governor took out his fat purse and poured a lot of money before the innkeeper. "Let us now see your marvel!" he said in a commanding tone. The in-



nkeeper, who had been at first frightened by the governor's arrival, became pleased to see the silver coins. Greed shone in his eyes. He forgot all about Mi's warning. Bidding the golden heron to dance, he clapped thrice.

Slowly the heron moved down to the floor and started its dance. What was the matter? The dance was dull and it inspired sorrow. Signs of suffering and pain in the heron were clearly visible. The dance did not last long and the heron was back in its place on the wall. This was its last dance. Alas! all efforts to bring him to life again were in vain.

The governor was quite disappointed with the performance. He made a lot of noise and created a big scene commanding the heron to dance,

but all without any result. He left the inn, a sad man.

Around midnight, there was a terrible pounding on the door which nearly shook the whole inn. The innkeeper started trembling. Frightened, he opened the door.

There stood Mi—silent and pensive like a statue of stone. Slowly he took out of his pocket a bamboo flute. He blew into it to produce unknown, mysterious and melodious notes. The magical melody breathed life in the golden heron who stirred again. Mi started walking away playing his magic flute, his golden heron following him. Slowly, the notes of his flute and his golden heron faded away in the moonlit and silent night. Nobody knows where he went for he was never seen again.

*Retold by D.P*





# THE MOST VALUABLE WEALTH

The King of Gokarna threw a banquet every year on his birthday. The wealthy merchants of the land, scholars and aristocrats were invited to the banquet.

Because it was his birthday, the king received many gifts. One who gave the most valuable gift was offered the seat by the king's side.

On one birthday the king's guru arrived in the palace. He surveyed the gifts the king had received with the curiosity of a child. Suddenly he asked the king, "Who is going to occupy the coveted seat by your side?"

"Well, Master, I've not yet decided about it. Why, do you find any gift specially valuable?" asked the king.

"Yes, here it is. Call the man who sent it and give him a scroll of honour besides making him take the prestigious seat," said the guru, showing a loaf of dry, ordinary bread.

The king was surprised, but he did as advised by his guru. He found out that the sender of the gift, a poor man, had gone without food for the day after sending the bread to the king. All others had given gifts out of their surplus wealth!







## KNOWLEDGE AND COMMONSENSE

**L**ong ago there was a guru who could impart lessons to students in several subjects. At one time he had three disciples living with him. One learnt logic from him while the other two learnt Ayurveda and astrology respectively.

The guru was happy with all the three.

One day a gentleman met the guru with the horoscope of a young man. "O Acharya," said the gentleman, "my daughter is to marry this young man. Everything is fine with the young man's family and the arrangements are running smoothly. Will you please tell me if all is well with the destiny of the candidate?"

The guru studied the horoscope for a while and said, "All is well with the candidate, but such is the position of stars who

influence his life that he will fall sick soon after his marriage."

"I see. What do you advise me to do? Should I call off the proposal?" asked the gentleman.

The guru looked at his three disciples and asked them if they had any suggestions to make.

"Master, if both the parties find the marriage proposal good, there is no reason why the marriage should not be solemnised. Who does not suffer from sickness at some stage or other?" said the student of logic.

"Well, just as there are diseases, there are cures for diseases. As soon as the young man falls sick, a trusted physician should be called to treat him," said the student of Ayurveda.

"I agree that the proposed





marriage should be performed. However, since the illness will occur because of the influence of stars, steps should be taken to appease the stars. There are rites for that," said the student of astrology.

The gentleman thanked the guru and his disciples and took leave of them.

Some days passed. The guru was away on a visit to the town. Suddenly his young son fell ill.

"The boy is running high temperature. Cold water is opposite to heat. We should let him remain in the pond for an hour," said the student of logic.

The student of astrology stu-

died the boy's horoscope and performed some rite that would do the boy good.

The student of Ayurveda examined the boy carefully and prepared a medicine and gave it to the boy. The boy recovered in a few days.

When the guru was back, his wife reported to him what had happened. In conclusion, she commented, "Your disciples studying astrology and Ayurveda no doubt did something sensible to cure the boy. But look at that student of logic! He spoke like a fool! Logic seems to be quite inferior to the other branches of knowledge!"

"Oh no. Every branch of knowledge has its own merit. I'll prove it to you soon," said the guru.

Next day, while the three boys were having lunch, the guru came in and feigning giddiness, said, "I mistook a poisonous worm to be a tablet and swallowed it. I am going to...!"

He fell down. It appeared as if he had swooned away.

The students of astrology and Ayurveda stood up and ran to consult their books. But the student of logic showed no sign of anxiety. He went on with his





lunch.

“What sort of a boy are you? How can you go on eating while your master is in this condition?” asked the guru’s wife.

“Mother! I’m afraid, the guru is testing our commonsense. How can anybody mistake a poisonous worm to be a tablet?”

Secondly, even if he threw the worm into his mouth by mistake, why should he swallow it instead of spitting it out?”

The guru sat up and smiled. He looked at his wife and said, “Do you realise the value of logic?”

His wife too smiled.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





## THE CASE OF THE 'KIDNAPPED' ELEPHANT

"The elephant who was kidnapped from—what d'you call that place where animals are kept—yes, yes, the museum, was found howling in the pasture. All the geese fled but I could not go away as there was a mistake in my car-engine."

Prof. Chowdhury's old chauffeur, Ram Singh, a jolly good man now living a retired life like the professor himself, narrated this experience to his one-time boss and both laughed heartily.

So laughed Reena and Rajesh. After Ram Singh was gone, they laughed even louder.

"How many mistakes did you find in my old good friend's statement?" asked the grandpa.

"He confused zoo with museum. And I wonder if an elephant can be kidnapped," said Reena.

"No, it can't be. To be kidnapped is a human being's privilege!"

"And can an elephant howl?" asked Rajesh.

"It cannot. A jackal can and even a man can, I mean when a man gives out a rather funny cry, but, not an elephant," said Grandpa.

"And how can you say geese?"

"That reminds me, Reena, of a wise man who needed two geese, but did not remember the plural of goose. So he wrote to the seller, 'Please send me a goose.' Then he added as a postscript, 'Send me another goose too!' However, our Ram Singh can make mistakes, but surely the engine of his car cannot!"

All of them laughed. "But there is something great with Ram Singh. He knows that he is speaking incorrect English and he has no pretensions to speaking correct. His only aim is to explain a situation and that he does with honesty and innocence," added Grandpa Chowdhury.







## LET US KNOW

Do horses lie down or stand while sleeping?

—A.N. Raja, Coonoor,  
Binay Kumar Sinha, Hazaribagh.

Horses go to sleep standing.

How is a whirlpool formed?

—Debabrata Das, Dandeli.

A whirlpool is formed by the meeting of two currents of water flowing in different directions.

How are dewdrops formed?

—Keshav Ch. Lal, Hazaribagh.

At night, the layer of air just above the earth loses its heat and soon reaches a point at which it can hold no more moisture. The water is squeezed out of the air as it cools, and forms into tiny globes of dew.

What is a light year and how do you work it out?

—Tinalene Franklin, Quilon.

A light year is the distance a ray of light travels in one year. A ray of light covers about 5,878,000,000,000 miles in a year.

Why do rockets go up?

—J.M. Chayapathy, Animasandra.

When the explosive mixture in a rocket is ignited, it generates a gas which expands equally on all directions. As the bottom of the rocket is open, the gas escapes at that end which creates a thrust in the opposite direction—and the rocket darts up.



## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Varadaraya Nayak



Srivatsa S. Vati

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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The Prize for April '85 goes to:—

Miss Sunanda S. Awachat, Vithal Wadi, Keshav Bhuvan

Room No. 2, Agra Road, Kalyan

Dist: Thana (Maharashtra)

The Winning Entry:— 'Notable Elegance' & 'Striking Innocence'

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## PICKS FROM THE WISE

Good nature and good sense must ever join. To err is human, to forgive divine.

— *Alexander Pope*

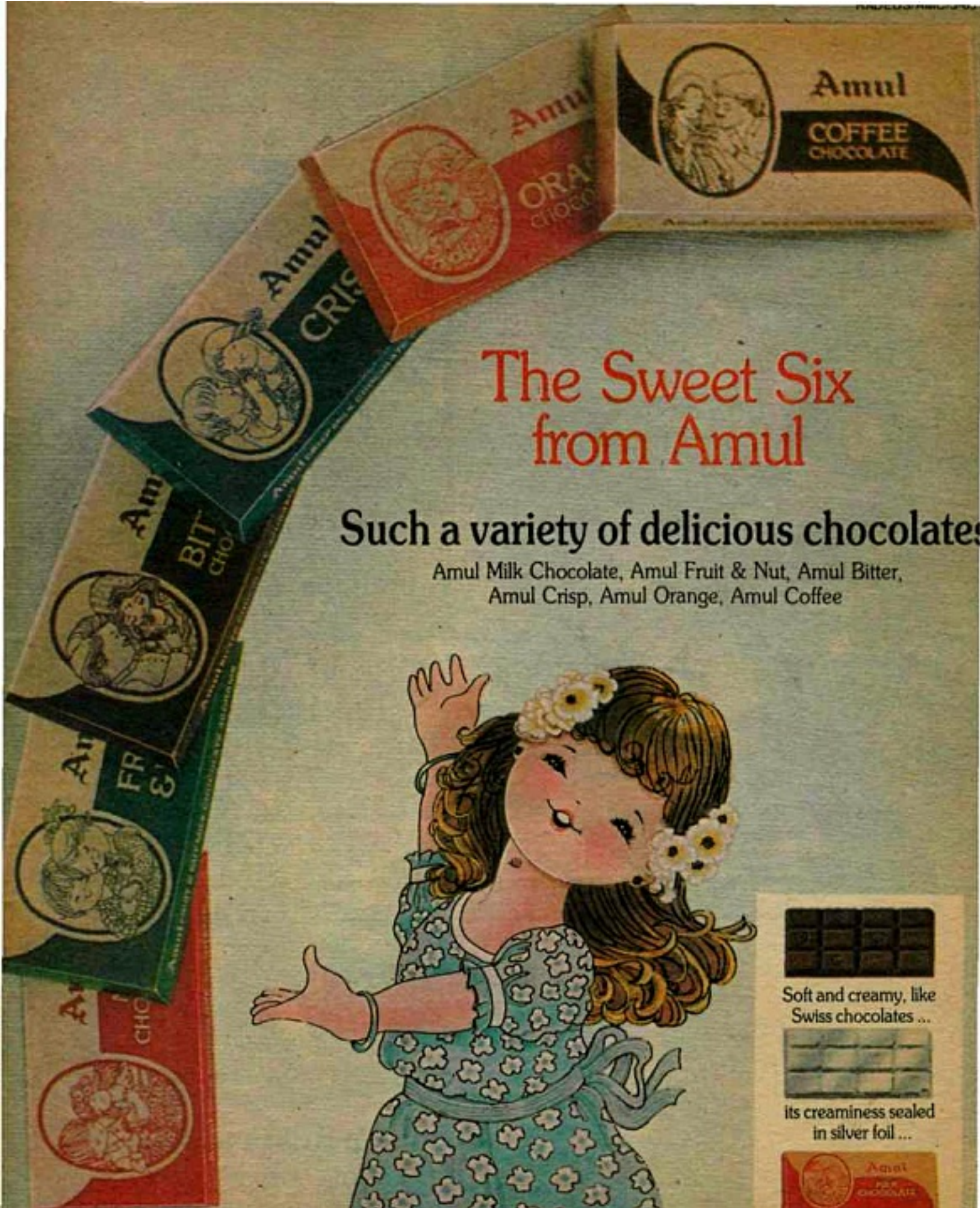
A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

— *Schiller*

When the heart dares to speak it needs no preparation.

— *German Proverb*





## The Sweet Six from Amul

Such a variety of delicious chocolates

Amul Milk Chocolate, Amul Fruit & Nut, Amul Bitter,  
Amul Crisp, Amul Orange, Amul Coffee



Soft and creamy, like  
Swiss chocolates ...



its creaminess sealed  
in silver foil ...



and foil-board carton  
to keep it fresh.



# THE STRIKING DIFFERENCE

A black and white advertisement for Super Rin detergent. The scene features two women in traditional Indian attire (sarees). The woman in the foreground is wearing a white sari and is smiling while holding a dark-colored cloth. A large, stylized white lightning bolt graphic strikes her white sari, symbolizing the 'striking' effect of the detergent. In the background, another woman in a light-colored sari looks on. In the lower right corner, a box of 'SUPER RIN' detergent is shown, with the text 'STRIKES WHITER' on it. The overall composition is set against a dark, textured background.

**Super Rin strikes whiter**  
whiter than any other detergent tablet or bar  
A quality product by Hindustan Lever